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POETRY

A LOVE POEM.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mound I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin, wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

STORY TELLER.

A Girl's Strategem.

Phœbe Mays was Farmer Mapes' bound girl. This fact alone explains why her life was a hard one, for Farmer Mapes was no easy master—penurious, grasping, and exempt from the feelings of charity and forbearance.

But Phœbe had plenty of courage, and a sunny nature on which sorrow rested but lightly. Had this not been the case every spark of spirit would have been crushed from her generous young heart long ago.

It was a dark night but oppressively warm. There was no moon up, and the sky was obscured with clouds. Phœbe had carried a dozen fresh eggs to Deacon Baily's about a mile and a half from the farm, and was returning home the longest way.

She walked through the fields gaily, her torn straw hat pushed back on her short, black curls; her warm brunette skin flushed with exercise.

A feeling of freedom pervaded her. In the silent night, with the vast heavens above, and only the solemn croaking of the frogs disturbing the calm peace, Phœbe's buoyant heart was happy.

She skipped along, touching the tall clover with her birch switch, and singing softly to herself.

"I suppose they will raise a row because I'm so late. But let them, I'm used to that! I can stand it!" she thought with a gay little laugh.

She was nearing an opening to a strip of meadow land, when voices arrested her attention. Gruff, menenacing voices, with a sound of wicked triumph in their tones.

Phœbe's cheek blanched at the sound—her heart seemed to stand still.

"The roughs from Thomaston again!" she thought. "I wonder what mischief they are up to now. May be they will burn Mapes' barn, or kill us all in our beds to-night as they threatened the last time he sent them to jail.

She crouched down in the shadow of the stone wall, and listened with intense eagerness; she even tried to restrain her breathing, knowing well the imminent danger she was in.

"He has been stopping at 'The Grove' for the summer, and a fine stuck-up gentleman he is too, with his music playing in the middle of the night, and his statues with fine names stuck in every corner. There he is, I say, with all his money, a poor crippled thing, not able to put one foot before the other, and only an old woman in the house! Just think of it—will ye? Both the men servants off to Carrolton till the morning, and only an old woman and a cripple between us and—gold!

The gruff voice fell into a husky whisper and ceased. Others took up the strain.

Aye, aye; It would be worth the risk! They say the cove has lots of money!"

"And an easy matter to settle him if he whipped out a pistol, for he cannot move from his chair without help!"

"Well, we won't stop to fool any longer! the gruff voice which had spoken first continued. "Just you do your part and I'll do mine. I must go about my own business now. At eleven o'clock, you know where to wait for me!"

And after a few more whispered remarks, all arrangements were concluded and the party separated.

Phœbe did not move from her hiding-place till the last sound had died away. Then she stood up, her pale face looking out of the darkness like a spirit's, her large, black eyes horrified and strained.

What a revelation this work of sin and plotting was to her. And she had been crouched only two yards away from men who could discuss the killing of a fellow-creature without a touch of pity.

Oh, what would her fate have been if discovered? She shuddered at the thought, and remembering the victim of their awful plot, she started forward, eager and brave to foil them in their design.

"The poor young gentleman at the Grove, lying so helpless; oh, I must save him—I must! Farmer Mapes will beat me black and blue for my absence, but I shall have to bear it."

She vaulted lightly over the stone wall and ran across the field, her nimble feet bearing her swiftly along. Then across the road, over a stile and brought more fields, taking all the short cuts she knew so well, until she stopped at last before a stone wall with barred gate.

In a second she had clambered over the wall and dropped in the soft soil of a flowerbed.

The little, gray stone house, with its hanging balconies and jutting bay-windows, looked very lonely as she stood watching it, all the upper casement windows opened, to admit any wandering breeze that might happen to blow that way.

"They would find it an easy task to kill him—poor fellow!" she thought, going up to the heavy, oaken door and knocking softly.

The old woman before referred to, opened it.

"Well, Phœbe Mays!" she cried shaply, after peering into the face of her visitor, what may you want?"

"Good evening, Mrs. Tomkins!" the girl said, catching the wrinkled hand in her warm grasp, and slipping slyly past the woman into her cherry kitchen, "I've come to stay a while."

"And who gave you leave to come gadding around here, I'd like to know. What brings you out this time of night? I suppose you ran away from Farmer Mapes—but you can't stay here, not for an hour! I will just step up to Mr. Ives—"

Phœbe jumped up from her chair and laid her hand heavily on the woman's shoulder, her great, black eyes burning with excitement.

"Mrs. Tomkins, do you love your master?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"Do you love him?" Phœbe reiterated, with compressed lips.

Mrs. Tomkins shrank back, somewhat awed.

"Love him! Nursed him when he was a baby, and he has been as dear as my own child to me! Of course I love him!"

"And would you save him from danger if you could?"

"Of course I would."

"Then help me. I have come to save him—no matter from what. But if you drive me from the house to-night, you may live to regret it bitterly to-morrow! Now do just as I direct you."

The trembling woman obeyed Phœbe's commands with alacrity after that, and twenty minutes later she stepped from a little bedroom, dressed like a fashionable young man. Her tall, well-made figure looked admirable in Mr. Ives' cast off suit, and a white Mackinaw straw hat was set on her short, black curls.

"Lead the way, Mrs. Tomkins. Remember that I am a beloved nephew of yours."

Phœbe followed to the floor above and with a terrible groan, Mrs. Tomkins opened her master's door and ushered Phœbe in to a dimly lit sitting-room.

"This is a young nephew of mine, Mr. Ives—a beloved nephew of mine!" she blurted confusedly; come to stay over night as he is in this part of the country. I thought you might like to, seeing as you are so lonesome as day.

A slender, white hand closed on Phœbe's brown fingers, and a soft high bred voice bade her welcome.

She sat down by his side, noting at the same time with feminine accuracy ever in the shadowy room, the peaceful resignation in the dark, kind eyes and the marble pallor of his face.

He talked in an eloquent dreamy way of music, books and their authors, and strange countries; opened to her dazzled eyes visions of wonderful beauty!

"I wish I could talk as you do!" she said regretfully. "Oh, I wish I was educated and refined as you are!"

Mr. Ives laughed, and Mrs. Tomkins below wondered at the unusual sound.

"My dear boy, how serious you look!" then his face clouded over "I wish I was strong and healthy like you are! I wish I could feel free and hopeful as you do! Now, whose case is more pitiable? Yours may be remedied—mine never can!"

Phœbe sighed in pity, and at that moment the clock struck eleven.

She took a cigar and stepped out on the balcony. Mrs. Tomkins rolled her young master's chair to his bedchamber and Phœbe was left alone.

Half an hour passed, and still she paced the balcony in full view of the road. Her hat was tilted over her eyes, the cigar was held bravely up between her lips, glowing like a red eye through the gloom, while she puffed the clouds of smoke up lazily into the air in the most approved fashion, and all the while her heart beat faster and faster a every sound, and the cigar was making her miserably sick.

"They will think when they see me that the guests from New York, expected next week have arrived today, and that will put an end to their awful scheme!" she thought, hopefully.

Twelve o'clock struck at last.

A man walked hastily and silently up the road, and at the side of the house she heard stealthy steps and the bushes rustling.

Still smoking, and with the same leisurely step, she advanced to the end of the balcony over the place from the sounds proceeded.

For a moment all was silent as though the villains held their breath with dismay.

Her sharp ear caught an oath of enraged disappointment hissed out; the bushes rustled again, and then all was quiet.

She waited another hour, but heard nothing more. Her strength was gone, her brain was reelling.

The task was done and Philip Ives, life would not be sacrficed that night, and poor Phœbe, worn with excitement, just managed to reach the long window, and fell in a dead faint across the threshold—for the first time in all her strong, young life.

When Philip Ives, after a wakeful night, propelled his invalid chair, at dawn, into his sitting room, the first sight that met his eyes was the figure of Mrs. Tomkins' nephew lying senseless on the floor. But no! Surely there was some mystery, for the face, with the morning sunlight shining upon it, was that of Phœbe Mays whom he had often seen bringing eggs and butter to "The Grove."

Two hours later Phœbe stood before him in her old print dress and told him the story.

And that day the would-be-murderers ware safely lodged in jail.

"And now I must return to Farmer Mapes—if he will take me back," said Phœbe wearily.

"Why should you return to a life I know you abhor?" Philip asked, taking her hand. "Let me help you to begin the education you so much desire. I will pay whatever he demands to compensate as much as possible for your loss."

So Phœbe was freed from her bondage, and sent to school, from which she graduated a year later, "a noble woman nobly planned."

She married Philip, and loved him with all the strength of her warm heart.

He died while still young, leaving her mistress of his large fortune, and Phœbe mourned him deeply. Her sunny nature came out of the trial "refined by pain," but while she lived no one ever filled the place in her heart which Philip's death had made vacant.—*Kate A. Jordan.*

Sir Humphrey Davy.

Sir Humphrey Davy, the eldest son of Robert and Grace Davy, was born at Penzance, Cornwall, England, December 17th, 1778. He was a very clever child. When scarcely five years old he was accustomed to amuse himself by making rhymes, which he recited in some fancy dress at Christmas. His father, a wood carver, although not very well off, was able to send him to the grammar school of Truro, where he acquired a rudimental education. When he was seventeen he was apprenticed to an apothecary in Penzance, and at once set about a complete course of study; the favorite branch of which was chemistry. His early experiments were made in a small bed room, with a laboratory consisting of vials, wine-glasses, tea cups, tobacco pipes, and earthen crucibles; his materials chiefly the mineral acids, the alkalies, and other articles common to an apothecary's shop. He had no furnace, and when he needed heat he was compelled to go into the kitchen. In spite of these drawbacks, he became not only an expert chemist, but before he was twenty he was remarkable for the exactness of his information on many learned subjects. He now left Penzance and obtained the situation of superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution at Clifton. This Institution was established for the purpose of trying the medical effects of various gases. Davy remained here for some time, and describes his occupation as "useful to mankind; pursuits which promise me, at some future time, the applause of enlightened men." On the 31st of May, 1802, he was appointed professor of chemistry and director of the laboratory of the Royal Institution, and in 1803, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—both very honorable positions. In 1812, he was knighted by the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.) and in the same year married a widow, Mrs. Appreece by name.

Among the inventions and discoveries of Sir. Humphrey Davy, was the safety lamp, now used by miners. Mining is always accompanied by danger, but previous to the invention of this lamp, the danger was frightful. England had a great many coal and tin mines—the tin mines of Cornwall, which extend for miles under the sea, are famous all over the world for the excellence of the tin taken from them. In all mines the air being confined produces a kind of gas, called "fire damp," which explodes when brought in contact with fire. Davy found by experiments that this gas had to be mixed with a large quantity of atmospheric air in order to produce an explosion, and that only fire could make it explode—red-hot iron and charcoal would not produce that effect. He also found that by mixing one part of carbonic acid gas, or fixed air with seven parts of an explosive mixture of fire damp, or one part of azote with six parts, their power of exploding was destroyed. He also discovered that when the flame was confined in metallic tubes, one-seventh of an inch in diameter, opened to the atmosphere, it was impossible to explode fire damp by bringing it in contact with the flame. He says: "This idea, which was confirmed by various obvious considerations, led to an immediate result—the possibility of constructing a lamp in which the cooling powers of azote, or carbonic acid formed by the combustion, or the cooling power of the apertures through which the air entered and made its exit, should prevent the communication of explosion." The result of his experiments was the invention of that great blessing to miners—the safety-lamp. It is a "cage of wire gauze, which actually makes a prisoner of the flame of the fire-damp, and in its prison consumes it, and while it confines the dangerous explosive flame, it permits air to pass and light to escape, and though, from the combustion of the fire-damp, the cage might become red hot, yet still it acted the part of a safety-lamp, and restrained the flaming element within its narrow bounds, simply by presenting a surface of network, the temperature of which, under ordinary circumstances, could not be raised sufficiently to explode the surrounding atmosphere of fire-damp, or to allow the flame within to pass unextinguished."

Davy, unlike some philosophers, did not allow his favorite pursuits to absorb all his time and thoughts. He took an interest in all that was passing around him, and was anxious to lend all the force of his character and genius to the ontward progress of civilization. He travelled much, and died May 30th, 1829, at Geneva, while seeking to regain the health he had lost by too close application. He was a voluminous writer, and at the time of his death was engaged on two works of widely different character—"The last Days of a Philosopher," and a little book on fly-fishing, called "Salmonia"—both published after his death. Although Davy made other discoveries useful to mankind, the one that made his name immortal was the invention of the safety-lamp.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Two Interesting Letters.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA,
Monday, January 23, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—You will notice from the date of this letter that I am in the same city where Washington passed his youth.

Last night the purpose for which I came here was happily accomplished. The church where the service was held was filled with shells during the bombardment of this city by the different federal armies under Generals Hooker, Burnside and others. It was converted into a hospital, but it is now a very nice church. At the meeting three deaf-mutes were present—Messrs. Lacy, Waring and McMechen Mr. Waring has become a celebrated cow doctor, so the citizens say. He says he has had two brothers and as many sisters all deaf and dumb.

Mr. Lacy works in a large shoe factory, so does Mr. McMechen, of Wheeling, W. Va. He is an assistant librarian in the Presbyterian Church in this city.

Yesterday I made a pilgrimage to the Martha Washington monument, and did not look at it without thinking how well she managed her son, George Washington. Let me give you a short anecdote of her and George as follows:

One morning, long before breakfast, he walked out with some little friends to look at the cows and horses belonging to her. He jumped upon her fine colt to show his horsemanship. It ran off with him so fast that it fell down and died. At the ringing of the breakfast bell, George charged his friends not to tell his mother about the death of her colt. While seated at the table, she asked them how they liked her fine colt, but they were still till George confessed that he had killed it by riding it too hard.

I walked in full sight of the ancient frame dwelling house where George's parents used to live. The citizens say that the spot where George cut down the cherry tree with the hatchet can be identified. I saw it from the river. I would have stood upon the spot, but it was getting dark, the sun having set in the western horizon.

It was in this city that I first met the late General Winfield Scott and made his acquaintance on the 11th of December, 1839. I was standing alone at the depot at midnight, when I saw a venerable gentleman with a broad hat and great coat on coming. I thought he was an old Virginian, not knowing who he was. I asked him about the way to my destination—Staunton, Va.—and he looked at me with a pleasant countenance and took me to the ticket office by the hand. He spoke to the agent for me and beckoned me to walk to the cars with him and asked me to point out my baggage, which I did, then he took me into one of the cars and showed me the way by writing about it on a piece of paper. Then I requested him to accept my thanks for his kindness in helping me. He again wrote on paper saying, "*I am General Winfield Scott, U. S. A.*" which surprised me very much. Immediately I shook hands with him as if he was a relative of mine. He had a sweet, smiling face. Then he wrote a third time saying "I am going to Florida to fight the Indians," and then made a natural sign for the sentence he had just finished. I returned the sign to him which made him laugh at me. Then he lifted me and put me in my berth on the train, shaking hands with me and bidding me good night by signs. Then he laid down on the floor and slept like a true soldier. I told him to exchange with me, but he said he would not.

Some years afterwards, while I was teaching my class in Staunton, Va., I saw two unmanageable horses run off with a venerable lady in an English coach, and I ran out without my hat as fast as my legs could carry me to rescue her. I succeeded in getting to the coach and opening one of its doors, helped the old lady out and offered her my arm and walked slowly to the hotel from which she started some minutes before. The distance was, I believe, one eighth of a mile. The lady bowed to me several times as a token of thanks. Afterwards to my great surprise and pleasure, I learned that she was *General Scott's mother*. Then I returned to my class, and I felt so happy that I returned kindness for kindness.

Time commands me to pack up my valise now, as the train leaves for Richmond soon. In great haste,

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA,
Wednesday night, Jan. 25, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—The Rev. Dr. Gibson and I having just returned from a service at Grace Church, I am now seated to drop you a line to let you know that I have this morning met my appointment promptly, and that I shall be in Danville, Va., tomorrow night, in which city I shall hold the first service.

Before you get this, you would have been informed that I officiated in Fredericksburg, Va., once the home of George Washington last Sunday.

Leaving that city last Monday, we passed through Junction on our way to Richmond. Let me say something about Junction.

I got off at that place in the dark night of December, 1839, while General Scott was sleeping on the floor of the car. The train having disappeared in a minute or two, I was left alone on the platform of the station, but soon a negro man, as black as ebony, led me into the office of the tavern and kept speaking to me till daybreak, notwithstanding I often endeavored to make him understand that I was deaf and dumb, but when he saw me talking to his master by writing, he perceived that I was a deaf-mute, and soon ran in the kitchen as if I were going to shoot him. It must have put him to blush. To my great surprise, I found myself surrounded by a thick forest, at the rising of the sun, which I enjoy very much, because it had been raining six days on my way from Hartford.

In Richmond, a smart deaf-mute gentleman accosted me, but I did not know his name. He spelt out "Turner," and I recognized him quickly. I could not have recognized him on the street. He was so much changed from what he was at his graduation. He has become a well-educated deaf-mute, and conveys his ideas correctly, as if he could hear and speak. He has purchased a farm near Richmond and his wife is descended from the Nelsons of Virginia. I called on her, and found her an intelligent lady. I had not met him for seventeen years. I am proud of him as an old pupil.

Mr. Johnson, the deaf-mute druggist, called on me at my hotel several times, and he said he was doing as well as ever. His uncle is Bishop Dudley of the Episcopal diocese of Kentucky. At the hotel, I met a young speaking gentleman who said he saw me in Boston, Mass., very long ago. He hailed from Denver, Col., his name being E. E. Marden.

I have called on two deaf-mute ladies in the city. Mrs. Indiana Tucker and Mrs. Mary A. L. Adams, both widows. I had pleasant sign-chats with them about two hours. The former has a sagacious cat as she is called. She gives them to understand that she hears a knock at the door by going toward it. She can understand a few signs made to her.

Mrs. Tucker had the misfortune to lose her fine deaf-mute husband who was killed by a passing train. He was doing first rate as a book-binder. They were under the tuition of the writer. His fine daughter was married on the 12th inst., to a gentleman serving under the United States Government.

Mrs. Adams' deaf-mute husband was a Missionary among the deaf-mutes in Baltimore and its surrounding neighborhood, and died in 1873. His place is taken by Mr. James S. Wells, formerly a teacher in the Texan Institution, and now an instructor in the School for Colored Deaf-Mutes. Mrs. Adams talk of removing to California to live with her relative.

I cannot close this letter without feeling sorry that I could not have time to call on Messrs. Logan, Hartley and others while in Pittsburg.

Time tells me to retire to rest now. I get off early in the morning. I need not say I keep constantly on the go.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

P. S.—My friends who may desire to correspond with me, can address me at Fayetteville, N. C., in care of Rev. Dr. Huske, *before the 8th of February.*

A Letter from Chicago.

A boy born unto Mr. and Mrs. D. W. George, has increased the population of Chicago. The little thing first saw the light of day on the 22d, of last December.

Albert J. Rekin, a pupil of the Chicago Mute School, is employed as a gas lighter in the evenings, and is liberally compensated.

The total number of pupils enrolled in the mute school since the opening of the present term is 52, against 46 at the close of last year's term.

There is some talk among the mutes of having a masquerade party on the 22d of Feburary next.

There is certainly no reason why the mutes should not unite in friendly gathering some way or other.

A case was latily tried in one of the minor courts of Chicago, which elicited rather unusual notice from the newspapers, from the fact that the attorney, for the defendant handled the case with bewildering skill. The attorney on the other side was at a loss what to do, and one of our dailies facetiously remarked that the said attoney was so struck with admiration as to be dumb founded, and suggested that he learn the deaf and dumb alphabet.

Small-pox has developed into such proportions as to actually cause a good many to live in constant terror. *The Daily News* recently contained an rticle charging a case of concealed small pox at the house of one Arnson, who has a deaf and dumb daughter, a graduate of the Illnois School. It was charged that this daughter was infected with the disease and hidden somewhere: but as it was neither proven, by subsequent investigtions, that the disease existed tnere nor that the mute had it, the true fact are yet entombed in my story.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Dayton, O.	Feb.	5th.
St. Louis	"	12th.
Chicago	"	19th.
Cleveland (Ash Wednesday)	"	22d
Indianapolis	"	26th.
Cleveland (Ember Day)	March	1st.
Detroit (Holy Communion)	"	5th.
Flint	"	6th.
Grand Rapids	"	7th.
Albion	"	8th.
Jackson	"	9th.
Fort Wayne	"	10th.
Cleveland	"	12th.

The services at Dayton will be held in Christ Church, at 10:30 A.M, with the Holy Communion, and at 7:30 P.M. The Rector, Rev. J. T. Webster, extends a cordial invitation to the mutes of Dayton and vicinity.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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THE last number of the *Optic* contains some solid and wholesome remarks on the lately agitated subject of a college for deaf-mute girls. One indisputable point in connection with this much talked of project is that no deaf-mute girls who are eligible to become members of such a college have expressed a desire to attend. A few months ago, the Principal of the deaf-mute school at Little Rock, Ark., announced through the JOURNAL his willingness to take charge of a class and put them through a collegiate course of study. The result of his efforts to lift up the poor benighted females who are languishing under the depressing influence of an unsatisfied craving for classical knowledge is best given in his own words:—"Of course he was immediately overrun with applications. But the shower did not alarm him. Months passed away, and the list of letters of inquiry footed up, just one! Now we confess that a class under a private tutor is not a college; and the capital of a state not the capital of a country; but when there are scores of girls thirsting, gasping, for more instruction than they can be allowed in this age that regards them as drudges, it would not seem far out of the way to suppose that the number to inquire at least, about such an offer, would reach two. It footed one. President Gallaudet had better make way for that class at once!"

Of course the "earnest advocates" will find a method to explain away this appalling discrepancy in the host of female candidates for a college education; but our understanding from it is that the deaf-mute girls of to-day are satisfied with a moderate degree of scholastic knowledge, and a good education in the womanly arts which pertain to the household and which the *Modern Times* designates "drudgery." This is altogether "too too." When a girl gets so "intensely utter" that she depreciates the household duties upon which all true women look with pride, she is entirely "too civilized" to make bright and happy any home. Our wish for the deaf-mute girls is that of a celebrated French poet:

"Like the Spartan dames of high degree,
May they mark linen well, and well make tea."

We do not underestimate the value of culture and education to women. It is undoubtedly very valuable. But to call all that has no reference to books "drudgery" is carrying the educational spirit a little to far. The woman who will prove the most valuable to society in general—whether her name be Flora May or homely Liza Jane—is the one who can do what her mother has done before her, and can find pleasure and happiness in so doing.

THE *Deaf-Mute Index*, of the Colorado Institution, has got out an "Annual" which it retails at five cents a copy. The book is a very nice one and contains a good deal of interesting reading and valuable general information. Interspersed here and there throughout the pamphlet are advertising pages, composed in first-class, well-balanced style. A picture of the Institution is printed on the cover. It is worth the price asked for it, and we would recommend it to any of our readers who may feel disposed to part with a nickel for a useful purpose.

IT is pleasing to read of the well-deserved presentation to Mrs. Whipple M. Follette, of Woonsocket, R. I., by the numerous deaf-mutes to whom she has so often preached, and for whose benefit or entertainment she has always manifested a ready willingness to lend her aid. Gratitude for benefits received, is a prominent characteristic of the New Englander.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Osee Roberts is now connected with the *Daily Age*, of Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Ella Groom, of Atlanta, Ga., is a graduate of the Alabama Institution, not of Georgia, as Rev. Job Turner said.

Josiah Quincy was highly pleased to meet the deaf-mutes in Salem, Mass. He had a splendid time. He thinks of going there in February.

Mr. C. J. Daughdrill, of Alabama who went to the National Deaf-Mute College last year is now in New Orleans. He is a very clever fellow.

One of the professors of the Alabama institution wishes to start a steam laundry in Birmingham. Go ahead with it, for there's millions in it.

Prof. J. A. Hoge, the richest deaf-mute in Alabama is going to have a substantial ottage built on his fine lot in Talladega, Ala., this spring, for rent.

Rev. Mr. Mann will lecture on the life and writings of Charles Dickens in the Ladies Room of Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, on Saturday evening, February 4th. All are invited.

Josiah Quincy is doing well in his business. He is canvassing in Maine at present. He had the pleasure of talking with Messrs. Andrew and Fuller in Paris. They are now at work in the sled and wagon factory.

Miss Agnes Sartoris, is a deaf-mute lady of Joliet, Ill. She is a great friend to Misses Mattie and Lillie Gottschalg. She lives in the town and was a former pupil of the Illinois Institution.

Mr. Julius Krafft, of Joliet, Ill., is doing very well there, he is now a member of the Knight of Labor Lodge, No. 15. At present he is the only deaf-mute who is engaged at the Joliet Steel Company's Rolling Mills.

Misses Mattie and Lillie Gottschalg, both deaf and dumb are two nice country ladies. They live two and half a miles from the town of Joliet, Ill. They were two former pupils of the Illinois Institution at Jacksonsville.

It is learned that Julius Krafft is going to leave Joliet, Ill., in the spring or summer and will go to another place farther in the west. He would like to know the address of Mr. James Toole through the JOURNAL, or he can write to him by addressing Julius Krafft, Joliet, Will Co., Ill.

The steam laundry at the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind has been completed and is now in operation. Everything connected with this new improvement is of the best make and latest invention, and it works like a charm. The mechanical skill exercised in putting the machinery in place and making the connections necessary to its successful operation is due in a large measure to Mr. W. G. Davidson, a deaf-mute inmate of the institute, who is one of the best mechanics in Alabama. The Laundry will meet a want long felt at the Institute.—*Talladega (Ala.) Mountain Home.*

Mr. John E. Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y., and Miss Lizzie A. Barry, of Canandaigua, N. Y., were made one on Tuesday eve last, January 17th, by Rev. Mr. L. C. Queal of the Methodist Church. When the ceremony was over, the happy couple received the congratulations of the bride's parents, relatives and friends, and an hour later took their journey to Rochester, not only to that city but they also went to other places. The bride was dressed in a wedding fashion with her face radiant with happiness and her cheeks like red roses, saying one last word "Happy" just before the bridegroom stole her away. Her parting with her dearest sister Maggie has wounded her feelings like a dagger thrust, yet one thing the latter is glad that her new residence in Watkins is not so far from her old one as to present her paying Maggie frequent visits. Mr. J. Dougherty is a well-to-do shoemaker, and has been in that trade for twelve years. He was educated at Philadelphia. May a cloud never gather dark and threatening across the pathway of the happy couple.

Forgiveness.

A deaf and dumb person, being asked, "What is forgiveness?" took a pencil, and wrote a reply containing both poetry and deep truth embodied in these few words: "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon."—*Phrenological Journal.*

The Two Deaf-Mute Beggars.

Joseph Farnworth and M. Glenfield, were the two deaf-mutes, who sometime ago came to Joliet, Ill., collecting money to help build an institution for the Deaf and Dumb at St. John in Canada. The old Institution was burnt down some time ago. They were the two fellows who were arrested here on being drunk, were shut up in jail. It is supposed that they wasted he money which they collected for drinking. Glenfield is a baker. Sometime ago he came from Philadelphia, Pa., to Chicago. Farnworth is a painter, is from England.

MARRIED.

EDWARDS—HUBBARD.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. W. D. Edwards, of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly educated in Illinois, to Miss Jennie V. Hubbard, of Ohio. Only privtae relatives present.

DOUGHERTY-BARRY.—On Tuesday eve, January 17th, at the Methodist Church, of Canandaigua, N. Y. Mr. John E. Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y., and Lizzie A. Barry, of Canandaigua, N. Y., were united in holy wedlock by Rev. Mr. L. C. Queal of that church.

"New Comer" gave quite a little taffy pulling to her friends on her birthday.

"Lottie Mardsen" wants to know if "Elm" has read "Brownie's Triumph." If she hasn't, she ought.

It is *on dit* that Indiana is to have another regular disciple of pen and inkism on "the JOURNAL's staff."

Martin D. Krendosky, of Buffalo, N. Y., is said to have lifted 73 pounds of iron attached to a strap, with his teeth.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lee, of 49 Brookside avenue, spent an evening with old friends at the Indiana Institution last week.

"Bella" and "Mignon" spent Sunday last at the Indiana Hospital for the Insane. They were the guests of Miss Nellie Sharples.

The marriage of Mr. Kaufmann and Miss Jennie Pines,—both Jews—will be postponed till the Autumn of this year instead of March.

Be sure and buy your tickets for the Grand Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association immediately as they will be all gone before long.

Mrs. Harry Bierhaus' elegant diamond earrings are the envy of all the married ladies, and *we* would add the single too. "O for a man who can afford the luxury of diamonds!"

Miss Mamie Nettleton has given up her "Mardigras" trip, 'cause her "marmee" will be too lonely after the wedding *bells* and *cake*. We'll have a bite.

An admirer says:—"Miss Emily Ludwig is the favorite mute belle of New York City. Her sweet disposition, combined with lady-like manners, makes her company desirable at all gatherings of her class.

The Indiana Institution can boast of a real handsome colored *Miss*. She is a member of the High Class and bids fair to graduate with honors. Here is a good catch for some "real nice" gentleman of color.

Byron A. Brown, of Newburgh, Me., captured a hawk which was spreading devastation among his poultry. It made a tough fight. It measured four feet from wing to wing, and two feet from beak to tail.

A correspondent protests against the slanderous stories that are being circulated in York, Pa, and neighborhood about Mr. G. E. Kohler. He does not drink liquor, but is strictly temperate, and supports his mother.

Hardy P. Chapman writes:—"I wish to correct the statement which has been published in your paper, that the Salem Society, is to hold a Levee on Feb. 22nd. There is a mistake and we have not even thought of it."

Mr. Hendrick, a deaf-mute shoemaker, from Chicago came to Joliet, Ill., three weeks ago. Now he is engaged as a shoemaker in the store of Walls & Adler. He is an old bachelor, and was a formerly pupil of the Illinois Institution, at Jacksonville, Ill.

On Wednesday night (Jan. 25.) last, Mr. Aaron Friedenrich, a mute cigar manufacturer, had the misfortune to have his right leg broken below his knee by slipping on the ice on his way home. He will have to be confined in a sick bed for several weeks.

Mr. David Anthony, a near neighbour of John H. Bronell, of West Cambridge, N. Y., raised a a bull that weighed 2,250 pounds alive. Who can beat it? Mr. John H. Bronell would like some one to give him the address of Joel A. Andrews, through the JOURNAL.

Mrs. Mary Russell, (*nee* Peabody), of Harlem, N. Y., died on Tuesday, January 24th, of heart disease. She was a former pupil of the New York Institution, and graduated about nine years ago She was quite a belle while at school, and possessed of a quiet and lovable disposition.

A pleasant reception and grand dinner was that prepared by the mother of Mr. Edwin E. Miles, of Syracuse, E. Y., for a favored few of his mute friends. On account of the inclement weather only two of the mutes, Misses Avery and Annie E. Lewis. were in attendance. No wonder Mr. Miles always carries a look of happiness and goodwill to all; enjoying as he does a home so full of kindness and sympathy.

It will please the friends of Mrs. A. S. Gardner to hear that she is spending this winter with her folks in Moline, Ill., her home. On her way, in company with her husband, they stopped a few days in Omaha, Neb., and attended the Nebraska State Fair. They had an enjoyable time. They made a very short call on Mr. Busel Smith, whose time during the days of the fair was busily occupied in setting type. He seemed pleased with Nebraska. Mrs. A. S. Gardner's friends will also be pleased to hear that she became a mother of a very bright girl on the 2nd day of last month. Poor A. S. Gardner has not yet seen his little daughter.

A deaf man speaks.

Three men came to Richmond and engaged in business. One pretty moonlight night they set out to take a walk about to see how they liked it. They dropped in at a fancy grocery store to get cigars, and the distinguished looking proprietor having just what was wanted, they soon sent up the curling smoke in graceful wreaths about their glossy "tiles." One of the trio was a deaf and dumb man, but one of his companions, much smaller than himself, was unusually proficient in the sign language, and these two appeared deeply interested in their peculiar conversation. The remaining stranger remarked to the proprietor that they were on a tour about the city, and so far were delighted with what they had seen. The proprietor then said he had noticed they were strangers, and hoped they had come to locate in Richmond. "Yes," was the reply; "that large man is a journeyman tailor working for Crooke and Son, and the small man is my partner in the clothes-cleaning business." "Ah," said the proprietor, fixing his attention on the two men who continued to talk in the sign language, "it must be a great source of pleasure to deaf and dumb men to be well educated like those two seem to be." And he continued, "Why, they appear to converse as rapidly as you and I, and even more so." The stranger saw that the proprietor believed both to be deaf and dumb, so he "put up a job" on him, and went on to say. "Yes, yes, they are well educated, but that small man, my partner, is rather weak-minded. He is a good fellow, but is not smart." The proprietor adjusted his spectacles, looked attentively into the small man's face, and in a decidedly sympathetic manner slowly said: "Yes, poor fellow; you can tell that by looking at him." The small man looked up at the sympathizing merchant and half smiling and half insulted, remarked. the "devil you say." There was a perceptible wilting on the part of the merchant, a good laugh, and the walk resumed.—*Richmond (Ky), Register.*

The large man must have been Mr. J. E. Gibson, a mute tailor from Ohio who recently removed to Richmond, Ky.

Mr. I. N. Soper has removed to No. 346 West 22d Street, New York.

Miss Hattie Baylor is one of the deaf-mute belles of the Monumental City.

It is rumored that Mr. Wm. McElroy, of Baltimore, will be married to a hearing lady next spring.

The oldest son of Mr. Royal N. Tyler, a deaf-mute, of Wallingford, Ct., has gone to live in California with his family.

A Baltimore deaf-mute tailor, who graduated from the Maryland School contemplates going to Staunton, Va., next spring.

W. H. Green thinks of making a joint excursion with the Worcester and Rhode Island mutes to Rocky Point next summer.

Miss Fanny Welch, of the St. Joseph School, spent her holidays at home, in Brooklyn. She has returned to school.

A little deaf-mute girl named Kling is living in Corry, Pa. She is eleven years old, and it is said will not be sent to the Ohio Institution for two years yet.

Mr. Lincoln Smith, of Columbus, Pa., would like to know Mr. John Deise's address. He will be much obliged to the one will furnish the desired information.

It is said that a newspaper for deaf-mutes will shortly be issued[illegible]ople couie, under the control of E. O. Herr[illegible]denial, pmake it hard, very hard—for the new newspaper.

Miss Emma Whittier, of Bangor, Me., has been visiting friends in Boston since Christmas. She is somewhat disgusted with the "Slab City," and hopes to obtain employment in Boston.

Mr. C. J. Peregoy, of Baltimore, recently received a letter from Mr. A. T. Abel, of Canada, asking him to become a collector for the St. John Deaf-Mute School. He declined.

One of the New York Institution pupils met an intimate friend of Mr. Montgomery, who graduated last year from the New York Institution. He is working at his trade in Old Bridge, N. J.

Vital Rasicot, of Minnesota, is a Catholic, and says he is glad to hear of the prosperity of the Catholic deaf-mute society of New York City. His brother has been on a tour to Canada and New York.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Bergquist visited Sven Matuzz and Miss Hatch, of Corry, Pa., when leaving Parkerscity, Pa. He said he had staid with his brother-in-law and sister for a week in Parkersburg.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture before the M. L. A. on the 9th inst., upon which occasion a large audience is expected. Come early and get good seats. Doors open at 7:30 P.M. Lecture begins at 8:10 P.M., sharp.

A correspondent says:—"All Brooklyn and half of New York is highly excited over the rumor that Mr. F. N. Senior, the redoubtable "Frankie," is engaged to be married to a wealthy heiress. There's millions in it.

Miss Charlotte Bradford, of Crown Point, N. Y., is now visiting her step sister of Rutland, Vt., a few weeks. She has been in Albany, Cohoes West Troy, Waterford, Troy, and Lansingburg, N. Y. She visited some friends. She said that Lansingburg was a beautiful town, and she wished she could live there.

Mr. Devlin, who is brother-in-law to Mr. Abraham Martin, of Steelton, Pa., is working in the Pennsylvania Steel Works. He is a buggy runner, and has made $95 45 cents this month. His family moved up to Steelton, Pa., from Philadelphia last December. His wife likes it there very much, and does not want to go back to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Eva M. Brown, whom we spoke of as a semi-mute young lady, of Red Bank, N. J., liked the JOURNAL so well she subscribed immediately. She never attended any of the Institution, but was educated by her father, who was principal of the Red Bank School. She is an excellent singer, and pianiste, notwithstanding the fact she has been deaf for 10 years.

Wednesday, the 18th, E. W. Frisbee delivered a lecture before the deaf-mute society. His subject was "Happiness." He spoke strongly of the dangers of the matrimonial sea, of its rocks and sands, also of the unhappiness caused by hasty marriages or of persons uniting themselves without first ascertaining if they were adapted to each other in temperament.

Rev. John N. Freeman, formerly a Professor of the New York Institution for deaf-mutes at Fanwood, and a brother of Mrs. Strong, of Washington, D. C., has lately been installed as the pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, which is the oldest, handsomest and wealthiest one in Milwaukee, Wis., costing $200,000, all paid for. He is an able preacher and a fine orator. He was the son of one of the martyred missionaries in the massacre of Cawnpore, India.

Miss Edna Howes left home for Northampton about the 18th inst. She will preside over the drawing class during the sickness of Miss Alice Field. Miss Howes is well qualified to fill this position, having graduated from the Normal Art School with high honors. Her father is a sea captain and is at present at home on a furlough, but will in the course of about four weeks go down to do business on the mighty deep. Miss Howes will then return to care for the family, because her mother accompanies him on his voyage.

A member of the Chirological Lyceum of Philadelphia, wishes us to say that some of the members of the Lyceum will attend the coming deaf-mute Levee in New York City on the 21st of February, one of them to come as a representative, and that he hopes that the Levee may be a very enjoyable affair, and that it may have the effect of bringing the deaf-mutes of New York and Philadelphia in nearer bonds of fellowship and sympathy. He also writes that if any of the deaf-mutes of New York should happen to come here they should not fail to attend a meeting of the Chirological Lyceum, which is held every Wednesday night at Chestnut and 15th Streets, at 8 o'clock. Welcome to all.

Miss Charlotte Bradford, of Crown Point, N. Y., came with Mr. H. Burt to Troy, N. Y., on a good visit to his wife. She staid with Mr. and Mrs. Burt four months. Miss Bradford was very glad to see her old schoolmates Mr. H. Brown and Miss Mary Tooles. After that Miss Bradford paid a flying visit to Mrs. Julia Atkins, of Lansingburg, N. Y., and remained with her three weeks. The deaf-mutes, of Troy, N. Y., gave a surprise party in honor of Miss Bradford at the residence of Mrs. Atkins. Refreshment were served at 8½ 'clock and the party enjoyed themselves very much until 9 o'clock and then all dispersed to their homes. Among those present were Mrs. Gould and her daughter Anna, Mrs. Getting and her daughter, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. C. Bass, Mrs. Atkins and Miss Sarah Schutt.

The members of the Twilight Union will meet at the residence of Mr. Geo. P. Lockwood on Saturday evening, the 4th inst. A good time is anticipated.

Mr. James M. Moylan, of Baltimore, called to see the chief clerk of the Treasury Department on important business, when he flitted to Washington twice during the last fortnight.

The report which appeared in the last number of the JOURNAL that Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, had joined the Twilight Club is untrue. He has simply made application for membership.

A surprise party was recently tendered Mrs. Hattie Bailey by the members of the Twilight Club and other friends. It was a capital affair and attended by the *bon ton* of mute society of New York City and vicinity.

It is rumored in the Gotham that Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rider, of Mexico, N. Y., will visit their son, now a medical student in New York City, during the latter part of February, and will try and arrange matters so as to attend the big levee on the 21st inst.

It is said that a number of the belles of Mexico, N. Y., including Miss Gussie A. Chandler, Grace A. Rider, Franc Moore, Etta Larkins, Alice Drake and Susie Hartshorn, contemplate attending the "Big Levee" on the 21st inst. Leo is delighted, and dances for joy.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevers, of Bridgeport, Conn., were honored with a surprise party recently. The evening was spent gleefully and pleasantly in chatting and game-playing, after which the party partook of a bountiful collation. After doing every thing full justice they turned their faces homeward at midnight, satisfied that the surprise was a complete success.

"Should immigration to this country be restricted" was the question discussed at the last meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association. It was handled in quite a lively manner, one of the debators going so far as to quote "Roman History" to prove that unrestricted immigration would be a blessing to this country.

The Committee of Arrangements of the coming levee is constantly hearing of mutes, living in this and adjacent States, who contemplate attending it. Yet the members of the Manhattan Literary Association should not grow lukewarm. The committee can make the best of arrangements, yet they cannot force people to buy tickets or attend the levee.

W. K. Chase writes:—"In reply to a question in the Itemizer of last week, Brooklyn, Florida, is an incorporated little city of about one thousand persons, a mile west of Jacksonville on the St. John's River, and will eventually be a part of that metropolis of Florida. Brooklyn has no post-office of her own, but her post-office address is Jacksonville. Under the law of that state, five hundred inhabitants may petition to the legislature for a city charter."

Messrs. Lee and Burke, young gentlemen who are well known in musical circles of New York City, will probably entertain the hearing with a number of comical songs at the coming levee of the M. L. A. For the entertainment of those who do not dance, a large number of games has been arranged, and all who come, will have a chance to enjoy themselves. Come one! come all! both young and old.

Non-members who desirer to witness the lectures and debates of the Manhattan Literary Association, now have to pay a small price for admission to the room and are not allowed to attend the business meetings. Formerly they had nearly the same privileges, with the exception of voting, as members. These they abused to such an extent as to bring the association's name disrepute, but can do so no longer. A number of respectable non-members have already signified their intention of becoming members.

The annual election of officers of the Manhattan Literary Association occurs (this) Thursday evening, upon which occasion a lively meeting is anticipated. Nominations were made some two weeks ago, since which time electioneering has been lively. Wilkinson's chances for a walk over are excellent, being backed by the best men in the association. For secretary there will be a sharp race with the odds in favor of the present incumbent.

A Connecticut subscriber says that a mute neighbor of his has been proclaiming the end the world to come in the last days of 1881, with such bombastic parade that inasmuch as the year ended ahead of the world, he not only finds his wisecraft confounded, but also turns his usual cackling to croaking and whimsicalness. He is painfully advised to sit down in a corner, study his lessons over and renovate his brains to a better understanding. Moral "keep quiet and be wise."

Two weeks ago on Sunday afternoon, Messrs. Bruthi and Stubbs, of Philadelphia, paid a visit to the large beer brewery of Berger and Engel of that city, of which the father of Mr. Bruthi is boss. While they were there, Mr. Bruthi was induced to drink some lager beer from a large milk can, and while doing so, the lager beer not only went down his throat, but also ran down his chin to his feet, and almost spoiled his good suit of clothes. The men at the brewery enjoyed the joke very much, and laughed heartily.

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the M. L. A.'s Levee says that if any gentleman is so gallant as to bring more then two ladies to the festival, TICKETS FOR EACH ADDITIONAL LADY WILL COST 50 CENTS. The same price will be charged any lady who may be so unfortunate as to be obliged to come alone. Tickets for gentlemens, with or without ladies is $1.00. Hats and wraps will be checked in both ladies and gentlemens rooms for 10 cents. Persons at a distance who desire further information in regard to this levee should address John Wilkinson, with Commercial Union Assurance Company, Nos. 37 and 39 Wall Street, New York City.

The loving wife of Mr. James Russell, died suddenly last week, of Bright's disease. She was well known and liked by a large number of deaf-mutes, who with her husband and child will miss her sadly. It was only a few days before she departed this world that the writer and other friends were at her pleasant home in Harlem. Then there was no intimation of the near approach of death. But now what a change. The hand of the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom has suddenly fallen upon this once happy home, and taken away wife and mother. To her sorrowing husband and child it doubtless seems a great hardship; but God knows what is best for us, and to His will we must bow in humble obedience. Mr. Russell, his child and near relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know them, in this their deep affliction.

John Lounsbury's uncle died of consumption lately.

A. Dozendorf, expects to go to Philadelphia soon.

Miss Emma Robinson, of Philadelphia is expected to be at the M. L. A. Levee.

W. T. Waters was at the Tony Denier show a couple of weeks ago with an unknown friend.

"Victor" will bid farewell to those Pittsburg mute friends and leave for some unknown land some day.

Mr. and Mrs. Allard will celebrate the 20th anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening of next week.

Miss Hannah Henry, of Brooklyn, is a first-class dressmaker. She recently made a dress for Mrs. Keilt.

Wednesday, the 25th, Mr. W. P. Wade lectured in Boston on the "Poor of 1837." His lecture was well received.

Mr. Robert Tobin, of Brooklyn, is champion press picker, having recently pressed 50,000 envelopes in four days.

Mr. Frank Clark, formerly of East Hampton, purchased a fine house in Malden last fall, where they now reside. Last Sunday was the first time he visited the Boston Society, and all bade him a cordial welcome.

Isaac P. Beach, of Branford, Ct., is a smart business man, and a great help to his widowed mother. He is engaged in the grain and sawmill businesses, also in the ice business. He is and always has been a dutiful son.

A surprise party, a few weeks ago, given to Mr. and Mrs. Drum at their residence in East Liberty, Pa, by too slim a number of deaf-mutes notwithstanding the rainy weather, was quite a success financially and otherwise. Your scribe was not able to attend. Wonder why in the world one of the intelligent participants did not given an account of such a party for the JOURNAL. If he will do so there can be no doubt that it will be of interest to your many readers.

"Imperator" thanks "Liberty" for his supplemental letter of recent issue with regard to the organization of a Reading Society of Deaf Mutes in Pittsburg, Pa. He rightly agrees with his opinion on the matter. It is hoped that for the benefit of those will, therefore, approve cheerfully of suggesting said society to be organized there, and also that it will, of course, be such a matter of valuable importance to them who will find it convenient to understand what they read. Why is not this society formed? If so, let us hope to hear concerning such society through the columns of your worthy paper.

Owing to the bad weather and condition of the road to Centreville Mr. Philip A. Hamburger, of N. O., and Mrs. Cornelia N. Amirate, of Pattersonville, postponded their visit to Miss Emma R. Wendel, a young and handsome lady, of Centreville. When they get a chance on some good day they will go and spend a day with that young lady. Little Phil., as we call him, and Mrs. Amirate are now living two miles from Pattersonville on a beautiful farm and are both enjoying good heath. Mrs. Amirrate's husband Antoine Amirrate, Esq., is now clerking on the St. Ashland and has been there for nearly 30 years.

A few days ago a Boston friend visited the Navy Yard to see his old friend E. W. Frisbee, and found him on board of the U. S. Sloop of War Saratoga, now undergoing repairs in the stone dry dock. He looked like an old ship carpenter, a rule in his pocket and with ax, adze, and maul on his shoulder. He informed this friend that this ship was built at Kittery, Maine (the home of his father) in the year 1842. The Navy Department has ordered this ship to be ready for sea March 20th. This is known as a training ship, and in the summer months cruises along the coast. She is manned with boys who are apprentices to the government, and when of age they will be shipped as able seamen on board of ships of war.

New York State News.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Last Thursday I left here for Waddington, 17 miles, with my cutter. It is good sleighing. I found a deaf-mute, James Carruthers at his father Walter's nice and large stone residence. He is a well-off farmer. James is getting better. His wound on his elbow close to his left arm is somewhat painful when he moves. He is very pale and poor owing to his long confinement. His father said James was a first rate and good ploughman. His father has 248 acres of good land, 30 milch cows, 5 horses, 6 pigs, 18 fine sheep, and a lot of poultry.

Please correct your mistake (not 2 miles from Potsdam,) his home is in Waddington. James and Walter say they will pay $3 next spring for the JOURNAL for two years. They like the nice heading.

Edward Miller, a deaf-mute educated at the New York Institution, who left school about 20 or more years ago, lives in Morrisburg, Canada West, opposite Waddington, N. Y., and is a very hard drinker and vagabond. I am sorry.

I was disappointed in not seeing Mr. Gordon Redman at his home in Waddington, N. Y. He is busy in the threshing machine business for the farmers this winter.

I am engaged in cutting 1000 hop poles, also poles for rustic seats this winter.

Miss Mayhew, of Stockholm, is a semi-mute, nearly seventy-seven or seventy-eight years old. She was educated by her own nephew, without being at any school. She and her friend has been to Europe on a visit. They are quite respectable and well-off people, living near us.

I want to hire a good and strong deaf-mute cedar chopper for hop poles and rustic seats, etc., this winter and spring, and will give him a good home and pay him well. I am much pleased with your new heading.

Yours truly,
J. H. WINSLOW.

NORTH STOCKHOLM, N. Y., Jan. 23.

What a gentleman is.

"The essential characteristics of a gentleman," says our American essayist, Mr. Matthews, "are not an outward varnish or veneer, but inward qualities, developed in the heart."

The drover was a gentlemen at heart, and in speech also, of whom this anecdote is told. He was driving cattle to market one day, when the snow was deep, save on the highway. The drove compelled a lady to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.

"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."

Charles Lamb tells a story of Jos. Price, a London merchant, who reverenced womanhood in every form in which it came before him.

"I have seen him," writes the genial essayist, "stand bareheaded, (smile, if you please), to a servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, or himself in the offer of it.

"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escorting a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his unbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess."

These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all.

Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Matthews says—and we wish the boys to memorize the saying—"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else."

The Garfield Memorial.

Official Bulletin, No. 8.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,
KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Jan. 28, 1882.

The following subscriptions from teachers and pupils in the Illinois Institution have come to hand, through Mr. Lester Goodman. They amount to $50, and are all paid:

Miss R. C. Tomlin,	$5 00
Mr. F. Read,	2 00
" S. Wait,	2 00
Miss N. S. Hiatt,	1 00
" L. Eden,	1 00
Misses M. and L. Sheridan,	50
Miss L. Getty,	50
" N. Patten,	50
" C. Luttrell,	50
Mr. T. Siddles,	50
" D. E. Swales,	50
" P. Devine,	50
A friend,	25
"	25
"	05
"	05
Mr. Lester Goodman,	20 30
PUPILS—BOYS.	
Master Robert Erd,	1 00
" M. Sullivan,	25
" C. Fox,	10
" J. Mills,	1 00
" A. Jacoby,	1 00
" P. Day,	25
" C. Comp,	25
" F. Stryker,	25
" A. Grimsberg,	25
" C. Stroheker,	25
" F. Dulany,	25
" E. Gustin,	25
" E. Walsh,	10
" N. Neilson,	10
" A. Timmons,	10
" M. Hammerly,	05
" C. Leitch,	05
" E. Kelling,	10
" C. Miller,	25
" J. O'Hara,	25
" T. Brown,	25
" M. E. Stout,	10
" A. Smith,	10
" W. McIntosh,	25
" R. Chamberlain,	25
" F. Offerice,	10
" C. Gridley,	10
" E. Jones,	10
" N. Taylor,	15
" E. Feldman,	25
" G. Carter,	05
" A. N. Merrell,	25
" L. C. Jacoby,	01
" A. Read,	01
" E. Stuart,	01
" J. Wertz.	01
" F. Spaulding,	01
PUPILS—GIRLS.	
Miss Herberling,	15
" Wilcox,	25
" Aske,	15
" McWilliams,	10
" Ellen Flood,	10
" Sophia Knickerbm,	10
" Addie Purcell,	10
" Jennie McFarland,	25
" Hellen Fuller,	10
" Louisa Lewis,	05
" Wagner,	05
" Shaffer,	10
" Soufrank,	05
" Annie Bolton,	25
" Minnie Prante,	10
" Kettle Kamp,	10
" Della Mitchell,	20
" Mary Koesel,	10
" Julia Owens,	25
" Luella Baird,	10
" Annie Roper,	10
" Nettie Spalding,	15
" Emily Theunis,	25
" A. Taubman,	25
" Lilian Hawes,	10
" Susie McKee,	10
" Sarah Ray,	10
" L. Eppleshelmer,	10
" Sarah Houghton,	10
" Lilian Fisher,	25
" L. Thomas,	05
" Mary O'Connell,	05
" M. Hieronymous,	10
" Carrie Copeland,	05
" D. Hall,	05
" Jennie Clarey,	05
" Emma Abrahamson,	05
" Mary Eichhorn,	05
" Rosie Shields,	05
" Addie Stephens,	05
" Emma Seymour,	10
" A. Burgland,	10
" Mary Hurley,	05
" H. and C. Crawfords,	05
" Georgia Kimmel	20
" Lucy Mooney,	05
" E. Rust,	10
" J. Rust,	10
" Clara Weeks,	05
" Clara Musgrave,	10
" Carrie Miller,	10
" Alma Wilson,	05
" Cora Martin,	10
" M. Lathrop,	10
" Anna Klug,	10
" Ellen Lambert,	10
" Lettie Lawden,	10
" R. Coates,	10
" Cockrill,	15
Total - - - - -	$50 00
From W. L. Hill, Althol. Mass., paid,	5 00
Amount previously reported	317 90
Total to date - - -	$372 90

Mr. Peter B. Gulick, of Stockton, N. J., will act as agent for the memorial.

☞ Agents or others sending remittances, will please send money orders in preference to checks, as the banks here frequently charge a considerable fee for collecting checks down on distant places.

A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Opening the Lecture Season.

DR. FAY ON ANCIENT LAWS.

The College Directors visit the Gymnasium

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

On alternate Friday evenings during the winter term, it is the custom for the members of the Faculty to take turns in lecturing before the students on subjects of general interest. These lectures are always highly appreciated, since they are invariably of a most interesting and instructive character. The season opened last evening, when Dr. Fay appeared before a large audience and for an hour interested them in the illustration of "Medical Administration of Justice." For the benefit of your readers we subjoin a few of his most pertinent remarks.

It would appear that during the period spoken of there were two principal means by which an accused person was judged guilty or innocent. The first method was known as *Juramentum compurgatorum*, which consisted in the employment of the *compurgators*, who, by their oaths, established the existence or not of the fact in dispute, and thus guided the court to its decision. In the place of a trial and of witnesses, each party was accompanied by his relatives, friends or neighbors who joined with him in making oath that his statement—charge or denial—was true. These were his *compurgators*. From this beginning may be traced the rise of our present jury system.

Another method was known as *Judicium Dei*, the judgement of God, and this was subdivided into seven minor classes, as follows:

Judicium pugnæ, the ordeal by combat in which the plaintiff and defendant were left to settle the dispute by a personal encounter. If one of the contestants happened to be a woman, she had the privilege of choosing a "champion," or was given certain advantages if she fought for herself. From this duelling probably originated, since it is but "a relic of barbarism." *Judicium aquæ ferventis*, the idea of boiling water, consisted in the accused plunging his arm into boiling water. Immediately after, the arm was bandaged and sealed, and if after the lapse of three days when the bandage was removed, there should be no sign of the ordeal, the prisoner was declared innocent. From this ordeal comes the expression "in hot water."

Judicium ferri candentis, was an ordeal in which the accused was obliged to walk over heated sheet-iron, or carry a hot bar of iron in his hand, without any apparent painful effect being produced. Though it seems strange, history tells us that many did it successfully, but how they managed it is still a mystery.

Judicium ignis, or ordeal of fire required the prisoner to prove his innocence by going through fire. Another ordeal known as *Judicium aquæ frigidæ*, required the accused to be plunged into cold water. If he floats he is regarded as guilty. From the last mentioned ordeal comes the aphorism, "Through fire and water."

Judicium crucis, the ordeal of the cross, from which our term "cruel test" is derived, required the accused to stand before an image of the crucified Saviour for one, ten or forty days, according as the court decided.

Judicium panis, the ordeal of bread, the last on the list, was a test in which the person under trial was obliged to eat dry bread. If it stuck in his throat or otherwise choked him, it was a sign of his guilt.

Having explained all, then the lecturer remarked that future generation may look upon our legal proceedings as we now look upon those of the middle ages, and he pointed to the Tichborne and Guiteau trials as an evidence that our judicial processes are far from being perfect. The discourse was mingled with several bits of humor, which added not a little to the success of the lecture.

Lately, the gymnasium has become an object of much interest to the visitors to Kendall Green, and seldom a day passes in which the visitors' gallery is not occupied by a group of interested observers. The fair sex usually are in the majority, and while they gaze with wonder upon, what seems to them, the perilous feats of those who are exercising, they, themselves, form an interesting subject for the observation of the students. Occasionally there are what the students know as "grand occasions" when some visitors of distinction are to attend, and give their opinion of the new edifice and its workings. This morning one such occasion occurred, when the

DIRECTORS OF THE COLLEGE

visited the gym. in a body. After having held a regular meeting, the members of the Board, consisting of Senator Bayard, Senator Dawes, Hon. W. W. Corcoran, Hon. W. McKee Dunn, Hon. R. Tucker, R. C. Fox, Esq, and E. Francis Riggs, Esq., in company with President Gallaudet, made an inspection of the gymnasium. Having seen the bowling alley, they next entered the Natatorum. When several of the students went splashing around, and appearing to be enjoying themselves immensely The distinguished party then took a view of the large hall, and having an opportunity of observing the exercise which is required from all the students. The honorable gentlemen declared themselves highly pleased with their visit, and congratulated the students upon the opportunities, presented for physical development.

A very pleasant incident occurred during the visit. When the venerable Mr. Corcoran, who is now in his eighty-fourth year, arrived at Dr. Gallaudet's residence, the doctor expressed his surprise at the punctuality of the kind old gentleman considering the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Corcoran, with a merry laugh, exclaimed, "Oh, this is a fine morning for young ducks!" A few moments later, when the party reached the gymnasium, Dr. Gallaudet opened the door of the natatorium and pointed to the young fellows playing about in the water, remarked, "There are some of the young ducks you spoke of." This little pleasantry carried an outburst of merriment. The Dr. perhaps was unaware how true his remark was, as in college the members of the Introductory Class are called "Ducks" for that, and it happened that several of them were in bathing at the time.

While speaking of the gym, we may as well say that if any of those grumblers who were once so loud in their denunciation of the building of the gym. should spend half an hour in witnessing the students at their exercises, they would consider again before giving publicity to their nonsensical chatter concerning the extremely delicate physical condition of deaf-mutes. We think our college can hold its own in the matter of strong, healthy young men, against any college of its size in the land.

PARAGRAPHS.

We had a "little" skating during the week.

Clarke, '86, is limping around with a sprained ankle. Nothing very serious.

The Memorial is getting along so nicely that there can be no doubt of an ultimate success.

News of Guiteau's conviction reached the college about 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening, and produced a flutter of excitement.

We trust that there is no truth in the rumor that the Faculty have rejected the petition of the students asking for the repeal of the afternoon study hours.

The Seniors appear rather worried; it seems the subject of their oration is troubling them. We sympathize with them, but hope they may manage to get through the trying ordeal and sport their "plugs" in blissful repose a few months hence.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Jan. 28, 1881.

St. Louis Splinters

Miss Emma Farley was married, on Saturday, January 14th to Mr. George Taylor. Both are graduates of the Missouri Institution. Mr. Taylor is an employee in the Vulcan Steel Works, and earns good wages.

Another pupil of the St. Louis Day School has gone. Jacob Spindler, an intelligent youth of eight years, died rather suddenly on the 18th, after an illness of only two weeks. A few days before his death, the doctors made an opening between the left ribs, and removed about a pint of matter which had accumlated near the heart.

A short time ago, Miss Sylvia Chapin picked up something in front of her boarding place, which proved, on examination, to be a one dollar bill. As she held it up between her thumb and finger and looked to see if she could call any of her friends' attention to it, a woman, not well dressed, came along and snatched the coveted prize from her hand and walked hastily on. This very cool and deliberate theft, of course, had its stunning effect, and Miss C. stood motionless for some minutes, waiting for her wits to return.

Mr. James Cloud passed through this city on his way to the National Deaf-Mute College. We are glad to know he has regained his health. His friends here wish him abundant success and continued good health. Like most ambitious young men, who have to fight their way up to responsible positions in life unassisted, our friend has his trials to endure and his difficulties to overcome, but there is no need of telling him not to feel discouraged, for it is difficult to imagine anything other than a resolute determination to avail oneself of all the advantages which a college offers and a definite aim in life, that could induce a youth in his circumstances to be at so much trouble and expense of going through its course. True, some of who are not in independent circumstances, are attracted thither by the prospects of glorious times and plenty of fun, yet very few of those, we presume, retain courage enough to go through. There are others too, the number of whom is not small, who have all the means of obtaining a thorough and finished education, but unfortunately have a false conception of the use of going to college. To them college is chiefly a place of aimless transition through the period between boyhood and manhood, a place where all are free to indulge in the wild whims and desires of youth. They are undisturbed by the thought of what the future may have in store for them, and careless of the opportunities which they might improve, they exert themselves only to conceal their averison to study and seek to get along with the least possible effort. The youth, who is obliged to depend upon his own exertion for support, but has his soul awakened to noble ambition, is much less to be pitied than he who has plenty of money, and may be, is a prospective heir, but is without fixed principles and with no definite aim in life.

Mr. D. A. Simpson delivered, last week, a lecture on the "Life and Public services of President Garfield," in the chapel of Christ Church. The object of the lecture was to get subscriptions for the Memorial, but, owing to the inclemency of the weather and a misunderstanding in regard to the date of the lecture, the attendance was not large. There is some talk of organizing an association and engaging a hall for lectures, debates, etc. Let the secretary hunt up the *buch* and be prepared to read the minutes of the last meeting of the old social club—that famous club which flourished about as long ago as when there were only seven houses west of sixth street.

The day-school, on 9th and Wash Sts., was recently honored with a visit from two prominent citizens of Salt Lake City—Elder George E. Parkinson and his associate, a Mr. Smith. They seemed much interested in the progress which the little scholars were making, and expressed themselves much surprised and delighted to see that children without the power of oral speech and with one important sense gone could learn to read and write at all. Before leaving, the Elder wrote out his little elaborate speech and presented it, together with a neatly printed pamphlet to Prof. Simpson and then, with a polite bow, left. This speech, instead of containing one word about the school, was an earnest exhortation to the erratic young teacher to turn his attention to the infallable doctrines of the Mormon Church, and to study carefully and thoroughly the accompanying pamphlet. The professor says he found nothing in the latter particularly instructive or interesting, adding, with considerable emphasis, that "Mormonism was a cheap and vuglar swindle."

"Where is that dead beat, Glenfield?" is the inquiry now going the round in our little community, and, as no satisfactory answer has thus far been obtained, it is charitably hoped that he has not been murdered or foully dealt with in any manner. He must have found this place too hot for him, and has, perhaps, gathered up his little worldly effects and left abruptly for Chicago. The tramp, for such he doubtless is, represented that he had been appointed by the authorities of some town in New Brunswick to collect subscription, to aid in the establishment of a school for deaf-mutes. Finding his story generally discredited, he told another and another, until he got them to contradict each other. This made him an object of ridicule, and some ludicrous consequences followed. He was kicked out of one house, and his subscription book mysteriously disappeared at a "rendezvous" while he was trying to convince a party of his amused listeners that he was some body and not a dead beat. In the heat of his remarks he drew himself up into a dramatic attitude and said, "I am a graduate of the Belfast, Ireland Inst.," and then after a little pause during which he glanced around to see what effect this announcement had upon his audience, he continued, "Where are you from, Mr. Smith?" addressing our jolly Smith and evidently thinking that the latter had nothing to boast of. Mr. Smith slowly arose, and with a peculiar smile that is often irresistible replied that he was also from the Belfast Institution. Finding every one convulsed with laughter at his expense, he picked up his hat and left—mutteriny something about St. Louis being a wicked city.

Miss Jennie Patten writes to a friend here that she is having a pleasant time in Chicago, and does not expect to return before Spring. Very well, we hope she intends to keep her promise, for Chicago is any thing but a pleasant and healthy place in the spring and summer.

C. W. H.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, held in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, January 25th, 1882, the following minute was unanimously adopted, viz.:

"Since the last meeting of this Board, two of our associates have been taken from us by death, Dr. James M. Austin and Isaac H. Holmes. They were prominent among the original friends and founders of our Society and were always faithful to its interests. At the organization of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" in October, 1872, Dr. Austin was elected the Second Vice President and continued in that position till his death.

Mr. Holmes was chosen our first Treasurer and held office till January, 1881, when illness and removal from the city compelled him to resign.

The names of these two christian gentlemen should ever be held in loving remembrance by the friends of deaf-mutes. We give to the families and friends of our departed associates our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered upon the minutes of this meeting and that copies of the same be sent to the families of the deceased and to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL."

In accordance with the resolution of the Board of Trustees, I forward you a copy of the minute, with request that you will please publish the same.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED L. WILLIS,
Secretary.

LITTLE RHODY.

The Presentation of an Elegant Mantle Clock.

THE FIRST PARTY EVER HELD IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Notes, Bits of Gossip and Personal Mention.

A few weeks ago, several deaf-mutes met in Providence by special invitation and took active steps to show their gratitude to Mrs. Whipple Follet, who has done them much good by holding monthly services. It was suggested that she should receive a testimonial of appreciation from the mutes of Rhode Island. Mr. Oscar Kinsman was authorized to collect any sums from mutes. Mr. William A. Jackson was the first to contribute to the fund, followed by John F. Donnelly and Lester. Kinsman received a prompt reponse from the following mutes: J. T. Tillinghast, W. H. Weeks, Frank C. Trainer, Ada E. Lester, Julia A. Maker, James Dolan, Ida Nichols, Nellie O'Gara, Sarah C. Marks and Thomas Burns, the first two gentlemen being outsiders. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, having taken a residence in a new house on Chalkstone avenue, fixed the 21st of January as the presentation day, or rather the night. Time flew like an arrow from a bow until the appointed time came at last. Notwithstanding, the drizzling rain, all the invited mutes, except J. T. Tillinghast, W. H. Weeks, W. A. Jackson, Tasker and Mrs. Maker, braved it, and were welcomed into the house by the suprised host and hostess, and after customary shaking of hands and introduction, felt themselves at home. They were really glad to see Mrs. Follett, who looked prettier and younger, because of the twisting of her curly hair, ornamented with a silver comb. Pardon us, Mrs. Follett; we won't be naughty any more. Before detailing about the party, we must not omit writing briefly about the house. It is located on what is known as Smith Hill, and tastefully furnished. The spacious parlor is nicely adorned, well carpeted, and has all the requisite articles, such as high-toned soft chairs, pretty curtains, tables, etc. The house is is divided into several equally large rooms, with a kitchen in the centre. The mutes present commented favorably on the perfectly arranged apartments of the house. We are happy to notice that it is the true indication of a pleasant home, coupled with a good housewife and the prosperity of Mr. Kinsman.

THE PRESENTATION.

It was an occasion long to be remembered by the mutes. Great credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman for the manner in which the entertainment was so successfully accomplished, showing plainly that they were equal to the task imposed upon them. After being comfortably seated, a hearing friend of Mr. Kinsman, whose name we regretfully fail to recall, calmly divulged the secret of their invasion, which proved to be for the purpose of the presentation of an elegant mantle clock to Mrs. Follett, Mr. Kinsman presenting the gift with a neat and appropriate speech in behalf of the donors. He said: "We have profited very much the past year by your holding services. You are actuated to so do by the love you have for us. We are glad to have this opportunity to present you with a slight token of our esteem and friendship. We hope you will receive it in the spirit which it is given, not for its value, but as an embodiment of the kind wishes of your friends.

"And now in conclusion, while some of the contributors absent are wishing you joy for the present and future, allow me in behaf of the friends here assembled to present you with this clock."

The recipient was fairly overcome and responded very feebly. She thanked them for their kind remembrance of her, and would take good care of the clock, and keep it sacred to their memory. Then light refreshments were served, after which the remaining hours of the evening quickly sped in a social manner, the company dispersing with light hearts at the happiness created.

NOTES.

W. A Jackson was overlooked.

General regret was expressed by the mutes at the inability of Mr. J. T. Tillinghast to spend the evening with them. He was unfortunately detained by business.

Mr. Tasker has been in so feeble health that he could not join them, much to their regret. They wish him a speedy recovery.

Miss Ida Nichols' birthday took place on the 21st of January, and the mutes took occasion to congratulate her. She is a charming young lady and is growing tall.

Miss Nellie O'Gara, a very intelligent young lady, was a good conversationalist. Without her the party would have been incomplete.

Mrs. Levi A. Lester was in good spirits and was the first lady to play games. She is a Vermont girl.

Thomas Burns is a daring, the girls said. He is smart fellow and a graduate of the Homer Articulation School, on Benefit Street, Providence.

Miss Marks asked the mutes if they knew any mute in Foster, R. I. She received a love letter from one, but has no idea who he is. He forgot to send his name. She would be glad to hear from him again with a view of uniting in wedlock.

At the request of the mutes, Mrs. Follett and Mrs. Kinsman played in the pantomime show as produced at the Boston levee, Jan. 1. They all, even Mr. Kinsman went into langhing hysterics. A stretcher was in readiness for any emergency, but it was O. K.

The clever fellow, James Dolan, said that he enjoyed himself very much, as the party was the first ever held in Providence. All the mutes like him for his good disposition.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Oscar Kinsman, of Providence, contemplates going to New York to attend the M. L. A. levee, Feb. 21.

Miss Mary McKay, of River Point, R. I., who has been sick, is rallying.

At the Reform Club meeting, in Woonsocket, R. I., last Sunday after noon, the Rev. C. J. White was introduced, who made reference to a recent visit to the Hartford Deaf-Mute Asylum, and spoke of the bright, intelligent look depicted on the countenance of the youth from the inmates, orphanized through the death of drunken parents—a sight that every rumseller in the land ought to witness.

All the Rhode Island unmarried male mutes, almost without an exception, have commendable resolutions for the New Year by depositing their money in bank.

Mrs. Whipple Follett paid a flying visit to Miss McKay last Monday.

We see by the papers that the house where Samuel Wilkinson and Fred Smith are employed, in Fall River, Mass., was on fire. Whether they are out of work or not, is not known.

"Fair Play" was at the Boston levee rnd spent most of his time in talking with Messrs. Holmes, Newhall and Frisbee. Is it not funny.

"Prof." Campbell, of Pawtucket, R. I., as some mutes delight to call him, is now working in the machine shop. He is a good fellow.

There is a rumor in Woonsocket, R. I., to the effect that a young lady, of Syracuse, N. Y., who was engaged to be married to a certain young man, but her parents are opposed to the match because her lover goes hunting. They want her to be married to another wealthy mute, but she won't yield to them. It is wonderful if true.

Mr. Levi A. Lester and the writer called on Mr. and Mrs. Steere, both mutes, in Providence, R. I., last Sunday. They mistook the later for James Dolan. The conversation was of a very pleasant nature. Mr. Steere is a stone-cutter of thirty-one year's experience and has been cheated out of $1,700. He is well-known in Meriden, Conn. He says that when he gets steady employment he will mingle with the mute society in Providence.

It is reported that William A. Jackson thinks of going elsewhere to work. We can't afford to lose him, as he is our good neighbor.

Samuel Wilkinson lost a $5 bill and Mrs. Edwin Livingstone, of Springfield, Mass., $1 at the Boston Levee. Be careful in the future.

The writer has taken an interest in the New York Catholic Society, and thinks they would do well to send some one to preach to a few deaf-mute Catholics in Providence, R. I. Two Catholic mutes never attend religious services of any other denomination, and say if their friends hear of their going they will despise them and call them a turncoat or traitor. It is their duty to honor their parents.

W. H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., has been trying to take possession of a $2,500 house. Vacant houses are scarce there.

A WOONSOCKET BOY.

January 24, 1882.

Indianapolis Buns.

Prof. Gillet has been sick for several days and Mr. McKee has taken his place in the school-room.

The graduates of '82 are Misses Sarah Neff, Bettie Turner, and Chloe Brothers; Boys—Daniel Ragan, Walter Marsh, John Saxon and James Cornley.

The teachers and some of the pupils had their photo's taken by an artist from the city who came to take the picture of the Institution. Among the teachers mostly known to the readers of the JOURNAL were Misses E. A. Lowe and "Mignon."

Miss Lowe has a perfect gipsy in her class, which nearly takes her life to teach her.

The girls are rapidly progressing in fancy work, and can make most any kind of lovely tidies, etc., etc.

Miss Ida Jack is working at a lovely pale blue scarf for her sister, and Miss Emma White, (our actress) is working at a lovely lace embroidered pillow case for her "marmee." Miss I. Bella Kinsley has made a lovely Irish tidy for our Seamstress. The latter highly prizes it.

Ida and Emma, class of '83, have both made a loving lamp mat of Nile green Zephyr.

Nearly all of the H. C. girls have been vaccinated, and many of them are heard to exclaim: "Oh my arm—don't it hurt?"

He hugged her tight in love's embrace,
His dearest, darling Kate,
"Stop that, you ugly fool," said she,
"You hurt my vaccinate."

BLANCHE DE BAR.

NEW YORK.

Metropolitan News

GRAVE & GAY.

Clippings from the City Press.

The C. L. U., held a meeting last Wednesday, January 25th. The object of the meeting was to make final arrangements of the Costin present, but owing to the absence of Chairman Russell, and Mr. Pownall, a member of the Committee, it was found impossible to proceed.

The remainder of the evening was spent in various ways. Chiefly in story-telling. Mr Charles O'Brien, who happened to be present was invited to say a few words.

He told rather an amusing story of a deaf-mute and a barber, and which may be interesting to deaf-mutes. Below is a short sketch of it.

One day, a man who had been drinking the previous evening, and, as a result looked very pale, entered a crowded barber shop. His turn came at last, and, while the barber was shaving him he fell asleep.

When the job was done, the barber spoke to the man in a loud voice, but received no reponse. Speaking yet in a loud voice, but the man remained an immovable as statue.

Noticing the paleness of the man the barber supposed he was dead, and informed the proprietor of the shop of the fact.

It is against the law to touch or remove a person who has died from some unaccountable cause till the remains have been viewed by the coroner.

So the man remained in the chair the greater part of the day, till the coroner arrived, and upon hearing the barber's tale gave a permit for the removal of the body.

The dead wagon was summoned, and the men were just lifting the body from the chair to a cheap pine coffin, when the deaf-mute awoke and rubbed his eyes, considerably astonished at seeing himself the object so much attention.

Explantions followed, and that day there was one mad barber.

The committee on lectures and debates have chosen the following question for the next meeting, on Feb. 1st, "Which was the greatest soldier, Napoleon I. or Washington."

The Manhattan Literary Association held a meeting on Thursday, 26th, ult. The following question or something like it was debated on, "Ought Chinese immigrants be allowed to come to this country." We are unable to give the result, as non-members, who wish to attend a lecture or debate, will hereafter have to pay ten cents.

On Sunday afternoon, January 29th, about thirty deaf-mutes assembled in the rooms of the C. L. U. in the hall of St. Francis Xavier's college. It was the day on which Rev. M. P. Costin received his present. At promptly 3 P.M., the reverend gentleman opened services, and at the conclusion of his remarks he was about to retire, when he was requested to remain for a few minutes.

—President John F. O'Brien then delivered his address, of which the following is a copy:

"TO OUR SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR,"

"REVEREND SIR:—In presenting you with this, the proceeds of a contribution raised through the efforts of the Catholic Deaf-Mute Literary and Benevolent Union, the donors desire to accompany the present with such an expression of their esteem for their chaplain, as I, one of their number, may consider appropriate. If they think me capable of reading their hearts and giving the true version of their feelings in words, they greatly mistake my ability.

"We pray you to accept this token of our regard, both as a mark of gratitude we owe you as our spiritual guide and director, and also as a recognition of the zeal, energy and success with which you have fulfilled and endured the rather arduous task of trying to enlighten our minds in a spiritual way.

"In conclusion, we beg you to accept it in this light only, and with our earnest wishes for your health,

"We are,
"Very Respectfully yours,
"THE CATHOLIC MUTES OF N. Y."

During the address, Mr. Pownall, the treasurer, presented Rev. Father Costin with a purse amounting to seventy-five dollars.

At the conculsion of the address, the reverend gentleman was visibly affected, and made a few touching remarks, and at the conclusion of which the congregation by common impulse retired.

We regret it is our painful duty to chronicle the death of a most estimable deaf-mute lady, well known and respected among the Metropolitan deaf-mutes. She was the wife of Mr. James Russell, who departed for the realms of the blessed Tuesday night, January 24th.

The cause of death was Bright's disease of the kidneys. She had recently given birth to a child, which is about three or four weeks old now, and which survives her.

Nine deaf-mutes attended the funeral, and many more would have done the same if they had known of her death, as she and her husband were among the best known and respected of New York mutes.

The deaf-mutes who attended the funeral are Mr. and Mrs. Pownall, Mr. and Mrs. McGill, Miss Brady, Miss Grey, Mr. Heyman, Mr. Weinberger and Miss Power.

The interment took place in Calvary Cemetry, in Queens County, Long Island, on Friday the 27th inst.

Mr. Russel has the sympathy of all Metropolitan deaf-mutes, and we hope he will, with the help of the one above be able to bear his sudden bereavement. Three children besides the baby are still living.

Rev. Mr. Costin prepared her for death, and was at her bedside up to nearly the time of her death.

A little deaf-mute girl, of New York city, named Mary Cummings, died recently.

Dennis Mahoney, who has been suffering from consumption for some months past, is hourly expected to die. He is out of his mind half the time, and Rev. Mr. Costin is frequently at his bedside.

We remember Dennis during his school days as being one of the leaders in athletic sports at Fanwood. Few or none of his companions could out jump or run him; he was the leading base-ball player and was a rosy cheeked, bright looking fellow, a favorite with all.

When we last saw him we were shocked at the change that had come over him, he was as pale as a ghost, and as the saying goes, could be knocked down with a feather.

The cause of his sickness is a terrible warning to "Young America." Cigarette smoking brought it on. When it was too late he saw the terrible result of his foolish indulgence. Oh, ye young deaf-mutes, now at school, who think it manly to stride around with a cigar in your mouth take warning and beware.

The "Twilight Club" met at 7:30 P.M., Jan. 31st, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, with such mutes as had been invited, and proceed to the residence of Mrs. Bailey. It was a surprise party, and a full account of it will be given in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

A newspaper says that Canada is proud of having two lawyers who are deaf-mutes.

The M. L. A.'s levee seems bound to be a success. The tickets are going off like hot cakes, and we think an extra supply will have to be run off.

The following is from the *Times* (N. Y.,) of last Sunday:

THE EDUCATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

"I send an extract from Prof. Ticknor's Life, Vol. I. (page 196) on this subject, which I have never seen quoted or commented upon. It may be well known to the teachers of the deaf and dumb. Prof. Ticknor visited a deaf and dumb institution of 27 pupils in Madrid, Spain, and says: 'They are well taught to read, write, and what is more, to speak intelligibly. One fact I witnessed and knew therefore personally—which is extremely curious—not one of the pupils, of course, can ever have heard a human sound, and all their knowledge and practice in speaking must come from their imitation of the visible mechanical movement of the lips and other organs of enunciation by their teachers, who are all Castilians; yet each speaks clearly and decidedly, with the accent of the Province from which he comes, so that I could instantly distinguish the Catalonians and Biscayans and Castilians, while others, more practiced in Spanish, the Malagas and Andalusian tones. How is this to be explained but by supposing an absolutely and originally different conformation of the organs of speech?'"

Charles McCormick, the armless deaf-mute, has been arrested again, as the following clipping from the New York *Sun*, of Jan 30, will show.

Charles McCormick, who was born without arms, and is a deaf-mute, was a prisoner yesterday in the Tombs Police Court. He was accused by Patrolman Coyle of lying drunk in the Bowery. Judge Powers committed him to the care of Warden Finn.

It is not by any means the first time he has been arrested for being drunk, and he always got off scot free on account of his deformity, and we hope this time he will get what he deserves, as a few months imprisonment will do him more good than a whole bushel of talk and advice.

Charles is a bright looking young man, and the clever way he handles things with his arm stumps is his great misfortune. Rumsellers invite him in to amuse their customers, and he shows how he drinks, and often drinks too much.

X. X. X.

From the Keystone State.

George B. Bowers, of Millersburg, Pa., lent twelve JOURNALS to Mrs. Miller, who is a great reader. She was very much pleased with them.

Mr. Perry Martin visited Mr. Bowers in Millersburg lately. Mr. B. was glad to hear of his old classmate, C. W. Longenberger, of Wastontown.

A deaf-mute of the same place would like to hear from Henry Hagy, now at school in Philadelpia.

William H. Lawley of Lykens, Pa., is a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution. He visited his friend of Millersburg last week. He is now in Harrisburg, visiting G. B. Bingaman.

A subscriber wants to know how John Gray, of Duncannon, is getting along.

An uneducated mute lady of Millersburg is sick with sore throat.

DEAF-MUTE.

1-29-82.

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PROVIDENCE
R I

FANWOOD.

What Transpireth at the New York Institution.

A DEBATE AS WUZ A DEBATE.

Cream of a Week.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The announcement that Guiteau had been convicted, was received with the liveliest satisfaction by the male pupils. Throughout the prolonged trial they manifested the most intense interest in the proceedings, and opinion was about equally divided as to whether or not he would be leniently dealt with on the plea of insanity. Now that he will receive his merited reward, they are perfectly satisfied.

Probably one of the most interesting debates ever held under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association, took place Saturday evening last. It was a battle of the giant sign-makers, as it were. The subject was, "Is the miser more injurious to society than the spend-thrift?" M. Palmer and W. Bingham spread themselves all over the rostrum in behalf of the affirmative, while W. Ennis and F. Crorken made the fur fly in defence of the negative. After a stubborn contest, in which both sides proved without a doubt that they were thorough masters of the subject under discussion, interspersed with frequent applause on the part of the appreciative audience, a vote was polled, resulting in favor of the affirmative to the tune of 32 to 30. In nearly all previous debates, the person or persons who were the most popular with the masses came up smiling, but the victory of Saturday night was won solely on its merits. Favoriteism had to take a back seat and sulk.

We saw it sulk, and afterward
Our soul meandered laughterward.

Fred Eckert, one of the last pounders in the shoe shop, and sister, were called home Thursday last. There were high old times in the family that day; a brother was married.

In our last letter, we announced that John Palmer, Class of '72, visited us. We made a horrible "diversificacious blunder" in regard to the name. It should have read *Frank B. Thompson*, formerly of Bound Brook, N. J.

Miss Cordelia Chidsey, Matron of the Linen Department, has been seriously ill for some time past. She is convalescing.

John Cotter, of Jerseyland, surprised us one day last week. He said the item in the JOURNAL some time ago relative to his suit of clothes was a monstrous whopper, and circulated solely for political effect.

Since the resignation of Miss Beecher, over a month ago, Miss Prudence Lewis has discharged her responsible duties as Matron as well as those of head supervisor with very satisfactory results. There are very few persons who understand the deaf mute girl of the period better than Miss Lewis, and we have yet to hear of any one who can compare with her in maintaining good order and discipline in the ranks of about two hundred girls, of all manner of dispositions, under one roof.

The thoughts of the Fanwood youth are careering towards St. Valentine's Day. Already he has hit upon a plan to make some body sick, and is patiently waiting for it to mature. The always-to-be-found laying around orphan bricks and cobble stones have mysteriously disappeared. They have melted in the glance of the small boy. But the supervisors needn't congratulate themselves on their absence. Our small boys are honest. They'll be returned again. Yes, they'll be returned again—with interest.

Miss Caroline V. Hagadorn, drawing teacher, has been indisposed for some time past. We hope she will recover her wonted health and spirits in time to lead the masqueraders to victory on Washington's Birthday.

Prof. Jones' "ticker" has not yet been heard from. It forgot to write, we presume. We pity a man who has to tumble out of bed in the dark these cold mornings and make the kitchen fire in terrible uncertainty as to whether it is one or five o'clock.

Wilbur D. Stilwell came up here last week to inform us that he had been out of employment for two weeks. We are a little sorry for him, but think the time wasted in visiting us could have been just as profitably employed looking for work.

James Kane, a hard fisted disciple of the forge from Jersey, brought tears to the eyes of his unfortunate friends here while shaking hands last Sabbath. There was an unmistakable odor of "Jersey lighting" about Jim, but then it was a cold day and his overcoat was exceedingly thin. Circumstances alter cases, you know.

Sunday last being so cold, but one or two of our Catholic pupils witnessed the presentation of $75 to Rev. Costin by his deaf-mute friends, in St. Francis Xavier's College, City.

Many families in and around Washington Heights have suffered from thieves of late. We are of the opinion that it would not be healthy for burglars to commence operations on the school. We are garrisoned pretty strongly.

John A. Wolff, the butcher who supplies the Institution with meat, and well-known to many a Fanwood graduate, was recently swindled out of $30 by a stranger who presented a check bearing the forged name of Dr. William Frothingham, consulting physician and also a member of the Executive Committee of the Institution.

That smart boy who filled a hole in a ten-cent piece with lead with the intention of passing it on some old pie woman, had better punch it out and sell the coin for bullion. Deaf-mutes cannot afford to practice deceit. They are too heavily handicapped already. Deceit is not the sort of a foundation a mute can afford to build on, and we advise that smart (?) lad to forsake the course he appears to have mapped out, or vulgarly speaking, he'll soon bring up on the wrong side of the ash heap.

It is reported that a mammoth hotel will soon be erected in this vicinity. If so, it would be a good thing for visiting mutes who have lengthy purses.

Dennis Mahoney, who graduated from here a couple of years ago, is in the last stage of consumption, and his death is momentarily expected. While at school, Dennis was one of our most healthy and active boys, and gave promise of becoming a ball player of unusual ability. He was a good scholar and was esteemed by every one. He is about twenty-one years of age.

Charles McCormick, our armless deaf-mute hopeful, went home Saturday last. Monday morning, Dr. Porter received information that he was stowed away in a cell of the city tombs. Too much corn juice is sold near where Charlie resides, and it got him into trouble.

Curtis F. Montgomery, of Old Bridge, Middlesex Co., N. J., a graduate of '80, is doing well in a carpenter shop, according to an acquaintance who met him last week.

Two teachers from the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution, Buffalo, N. Y., are at present at the Institution They will remain a few days for the purpose of studying our methods of instruction.

JESSIE.

Marriage in Baltimore, Md.

On Wednesday, January 25th last, at about eight o'clock P.M., the marriage of Mr. James O. Amoss and Miss Kate Rosa Haldy took place at Grace P. E. Church. The rites were solemnized by the Rev. Dr. George Leeds, a warm friend to the mutes, and the service was interpreted into the sign language by Mr. James S. Wells, lay-reader to the mutes at Grace Chapel and principal teacher of the colored mutes at the Institution for Colored Blind in Baltimore. More than a hundred relatives, friends and mutes assembled in the church, notwithstanding the rainy weather and slippery sidewalks. After the ceremony the bridal party rode in a hack to the residence of the bride's sister, where a reception was given. More than ten hacks conveyed the bride's mother and sisters and brothers, the groom's parents and brothers, relatives and friends from the church a distance of about two miles. The mutes and friends had a ride in the horse cars. Mr. and Mrs. Wells were invited to accompany the brother and sister of the bride in the hack. The happy couple received more than sixty wedding presents, which looked as if it were a glass and silver wedding. The bride was handsomely attired in a wine-colored silk and velvet. She is an amiable brunette, and one of the most attractive mute ladies of the Monument City. The groom is a neat and handsome gentleman of good reputation. The couple were educated at Washington and Frederick City. There was a feast of all that could tempt the palate awaiting the guests. A piece of the wedding cake was given to each of them when they dispersed late at night.

OBSERVER.

Philadelphia Notices.

The Right Rev. Bishop Stevens will attend the service at St. Stephen's Church at 2:30 P.M., Sunday, Feb. 12th, and it is hoped will be well enough to preach. The Rev. S. D. McConnell, the rector, is also expected to be present.

On Sunday, Feburary 19th, the Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, will conduct both services. *Note* that the Holy Communion begins at 9:30 instead of 9 A.M.

At Emmanual Church, Marlborough St., above Girard Ave., Kensington, a class meets every Monday at 8 P.M., for the study of Mrs. C H. Smith's "Church Catechism, Illustrated." The services at 10:45 A.M., on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of every month, are continued. The deaf-mutes in this neighborhood are cordially invited to attend.

Confirmation at St. Stephen's Church, Tuesday before Easter, April 4th, in the afternoon.

The subject of temperance has been presented in the sermons preached on January 22nd and 29th, and a meeting will soon be called, with the Rector's approval, to form a Church Temperance Society, as a branch of the Ephphatha Guild.

Mr. R. Graham, of England, special organized Secretary of the Church Temperance Society, has been prevented by illness from addressing us, but he has promised to do so when in Philadelphia again.

From New Jersey.

DEAR EDITOR:—I must send some news to you for insertion in your wide spreading newspaper after I have delayed it long. I often got news coming under my observation, and things entering my mind pertaining to the deaf and dumb, which were worth inserting in your newspaper, but no chance threw itself in my favor for doing so. You must know that I have two or three miles' walk to Orange to work, and coming back every day in sunshine and rain. My wife had been suffering from chronic rheumatism so long that she needed my attention and help every evening, and now she is getting over it so that I am much lightened of my cares. I will try to send news to you whenever I can.

I think that your readers living in New Jersey would like to hear about the proposed Institution in this State. The new Legislature commenced meeting at Trenton on the tenth of this month, and the governor's message had been presented to the honourable to-day. Nothing particularly about the enterprise of establishing the proposed Institution was said in it, but he only mentioned sending the deaf-mutes to the neighboring Institution. His message is considerably brief, and I think that he is so prudent as not to make so many suggestions to the political matters which require attention, but let the Legislature discuss them. Yet in his message he spoke encouragingly about the school fund as in a remarkably flourishing finanical condition. Indeed it encourages me to hope that the proposed Institution will be started this year yet. Last year Rev. Dr. Mix, who was my pastor and resigned last summer, and is still living in Orange, had a conversation with the Governor, the latter spoke favorably about the proposed Institution, and suggested that the Soldiers' Orphans' Home near Trenton (now vacant) should be used for it, but Mr. Deshler, one of the original Commissioners appointed by Ex. Gov. Parker eight years ago, suggested that it should be delayed till this winter, so that something better could be done for it. Rev. Mix was one of the original Commissioners and secretary. Rev. Mix and Mr. Deshler, of New Brunswick, are the only persons that know most about that, and I have better opportunities of learning about it by them. It has been rumored among the deaf-mutes of Newark, that I have interrupted that much desired enterprise, but it is much a mistake. Indeed, I desire very much that it should be done immediately. Mr. Deshler regarded the Soldiers' Orphans' Home inadequate for it and for that reason he cautiously delayed it. He will have it presented to the Legislature and make a great effort to have it passed. I am watching the proceedings.

I like the Rev. Job Turner's way of communicating news for insertion in your newspaper, for they are interesting and must be acceptable to most of your readers. If your readers follow his method of communicating news and are willing to give information, your newspaper would be overcrowded with news and its circulation increase.

As Rev. Job Turner is quite a traveller, he has better opportunities of observing and inquiring and thus fills himself with news. There are a good many intelligent deaf-mute peddlers travelling in the United States, which giveth infinite opportunities to get and send news to you. There are quite many educated deaf-mutes in the United States, who have lost sight of their class or schoolmates and never heard from them, for they have been tossed by necessity from place to place till they are lost.

I have seen a good deal of discussion among the deaf-mutes in your newspaper in regard to the qualifications of teachers of deaf-mutes. Are deaf-mute teachers really beneficial to their pupils in the same condition? I admit that a new teacher who has no knowledge of the sign-language is a great obstacle to the intellectual improvement of his new pupil. But if any speaking and hearing person wished to become a teacher to the deaf-mutes, he should acquaint himself with the sign-language first, by talking with the deaf-mutes or at school, to post himself in it before he takes the duties as a teacher. If all the teachers were deaf-mutes, and always kept at the institutions in the United States, deaf-mutism (I mean their ideas) would prevail among them. A speaking and hearing teacher corrects the ideas of his pupils. The speaking and hearing children of educated deaf-mute parents, make better teachers provided they have classical knowledge. A well educated deaf-mute may do well with his new pupils for three or four years, and then a speaking and hearing one finish their intellectual improvement, for the latter detects defects in their language with the ascertain of his hearing. The language of a well educated deaf-mute seems faultless to him, but yet his better favored friend of a refined intellectual culture detects deaf-mutism in it often.

From this consideration of that argument, it must be admitted that a teacher of refined literary language is valuable in finishing the intellectual improvement of the pupils partly advanced in their studies. J. B.

WEST ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 21, '82.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S APPOINTMENTS.

Calvary Church, Syracuse	Feb. 1st.
Zion Church, Rome	" 3d.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston	Feb 5th.
St. Peter's Church, Beverly	" 5th.

A DEAF-MUTE'S PANTOMIME WILL.

Interesting Trial in a Court in Maine.

THE WILL SUSTAINED.

(From the Bangor, Me., Whig.)

MACHIAS, Me., Jan. 14.—My last letter sketched the case of Jacob Foster and wife, apellants, from decree of Judge of Probate, disallowing the will of Horatio N. Foster, a deaf-mute. The amount involved some $7,000, and the novelty of the case required a fuller statement. The trial occupied six days.

Some three years since, Clarissa B. Foster, widow and legatee of the Hon. Stephen C. Foster, of Pembroke, died leaving an estate, real, nearly $50,000 in bonds, shipping, etc., which she disposed of by will in 1877, dividing it equally among six persons, her sister, Susan Marsh, and her five brothers, Samuel F., Horatio N., (a deaf-mute,) Andrew, and Jacob. In the meantime, Mrs. Marsh had died; her son, Samuel W. had received by the terms of the will his mother's share, and successfully objected to the Executor's paying over to Horatio N., (the deaf-mute,) his share. On account of this action of Marsh, Jacob and Andrew procured the appointment of a guardian for Horatio, themselves signing a petition to the Probate Court declaring him incompetent to manage the estate. It appeared in evidence that it was the oral wish of Clarissa and two of her brothers that Horatio's share should go directly to him, and that he and his brother Jacob, with whom he had lived for 30 years, should enjoy it, and that after Horatio's death, it should go to Jacob When Horatio found that the other legatees had received their shares from Mr. Hobart, the Executor, and that his was withheld to be divided after his death, he was very indignant, and was only appeased by Jacob's putting some of his own bonds into an envelope with his (Horatio's) name upon it, and his being made to believe the bonds were a part of his share.

Horatio N. Foster, the testator in this case, was a deaf-mute who could neither read, write, (except his own name,) nor use the deaf and dumb alphabet. He had, however, learned to recognize the written names of all the members of the family. When the will was made, March 3, 1880, 11 days before his death he was 76 years old, and for three months had been suffering from paralysis of the right arm and leg. He was not a congenital deaf-mute, but lost his hearing when 3 years old, and in consequence of that, the most of what little speech he had acquired. He belonged to an intellectual family, and was akin to the leading families of what one of the counsel called "the ancient and aristocratic town of East Machias." He was a man of fine physique, 6 feet high, with a head indicative of intellect. Ideas were communicated to him by pantomime and words. By long practice, he had learned to read many words upon the lips by watching intently the lips and face of the party talking to him. In response, he used imitative signs, and partially pronounced a few words. Most of his language was pantomimic. For instances, a week by the motion of prayer, (one Sunday or praying day;) a year, by the imitation of reaping; a wife, by the arm in a position to be taken by a woman and a kiss; money, by the circular shape of a dollar on the palm; to distinguish silver money, he touches his white cuff, collar, or shirt. One witness, Warren Huntley, a good imitator, relieved the seriousness of the trial by his reproduction of Horatio's pantomime of various animals, such as a bear, fox, pig, &c. His fox was a veritable Reynard—ears, nose, and long bushy tail. Horatio's skill in in farming, to plan and work, was far above the average. In mechanical work, cobbling, mason-work, lock-work, blacksmithing, turning, coopering, wagon-work, repairing clocks, manufacturing churns, tubs, sleds, etc., in all these his skill was wonderful. In invention many of his ideas would have been patentable. As a man he seemed to have all the moral and religious ideas common to men. Once, wishing to make a padlock of his perfectly safe, he took out the post and put in one projecting an inch, and then bored out the key to correspond; then, fearing some one might discover the secret of the key, he put a shoulder on the post, inside the lock, invisible and almost undiscoverable. Was a tool wanted, he made it. Planes of all kinds, carpenter's tools, bits, augurs, &c., were exhibited, some of them of perfect workmanship. He made every part, cutting tools and all.

In the making of the will six witnesses, including his brother Andrew, Dr. Johnson, of East Machias, and Dr. Hunter, of Machias, were present. A copy of his sister's will, from whom he inherited his property of $7,000, and a package of bonds, used as a symbol of the property, were laid on the table. Pointing to the will and the bonds Dr. Johnson made an imitation of writing, and with a questioning look asked him if he should write his will—he had learned by long practice to read upon the lips many words. He nodded assent. Then Dr. Johnson imitated death, pointed to the old will, the bonds, the blank paper, saying in words: "When you are dead and buried, what do you want done with all your money?" The words "when," "dead," "buried," "what," "all," and "money," he could without doubt read from the lips. He replied, moving his lips to say "baby," his sign for his brother, Jacob, pointing to the door out of which he had gone, and described a half-circle on top of his head, his sign for his brother's wife, who wore a braid in that manner, pointing to the door out of which she has gone, and making a cutting motion across his arm to indicate division into equal parts. Then a young lady, who readily communicated with him, repeated Dr. Johnson's question. He replied as before, omitting the pointing to the doors. Then she placed the photographs of his heirs before him, repeating the same question with words and signs. He immediately selected the photographs of his brother and wife, with the sign of division. Dr. Johnson again asked him. He took the two photographs, placed them apart from the others, with the sign of division. His bearing was thoughtful, serious, and intelligent, his eyes keenly fixed on the lips of the party communicating with him. The will was then written by Dr. Johnson, read to the company, explained to the mute by signs previously used, and to this he nodded the head. He was asked to make his mark, when he took up the pen, and, to the surprise of all, signed a capital H.

The Court-house was crowded during the trial. Mr. Heath closed the address to the jury as follows:

"There, lying in the gloaming, in the twilight of life and day, his eyes, heavy with death, drank in her shadow as they traced its spirit lines upon the wall. For 30 summers, to him wife, mother, sister, daughter, friend, e'en her shadow the dumb man loved. She came, a ministering angel, to strew his pathway to the doors of death with the roses of love. He turned his weary head; his love-lit eyes brightened, then saddened. Clasping her hand with affection, raising his arm toward heaven, with upturned eyes, tears coursing down the furrows of his time-worn cheek, the silent man bade her meet him in the great hereafter, where the deaf hear and the dumb sing for joy. Down into the valley of the shadow of death he went, a Christian, a gentleman, a man. He died, happy in the thought that Margaret, by his loving will, would be shielded in the autumn of her life. Living, he loved her; stricken, he willed her the half of all he had, that her youth of poverty might be an old age of ease; dying, he blessed her. May your verdict record his dying, loving wish in imperishable letters upon the records of this court!"

The jury were out an hour, and returned a verdict sustaining the will, upon the issues of capacity, intention, and undue influence raised by the defense.

Query.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Would it not be a good idea for the deaf of the large cities to organize in some way with the object of preventing imposition by persons pretending to be deaf; and unworthy deaf-mutes who make a trade of their misfortune, beg and cheat, who when arrested, escape through the leniency of the courts. Some of these hearing imposters have been taken up by the police. Many, doubtless ply their unlawful and dishonorable business uncaught.

The best way to deal with these unworthy people is to notify the police of the cities where they may be, through the Chief or Superintendent. This way has been tried in one place with good success. Another way is to warn the public through the papers not to advance money to beggars, deaf-mutes or pretending to be, but to send them instead to societies of organized charity, who will take the means of ascertaining whether they are worthy of aid or not.

WARD.

Central Pennsylvania and New Jersey Mission.

REV. H. W. SYLE'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lancaster—St. James S. S. Room, 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, Feb. 1st.

Y. M. C. A. Lyceum, lecture on "How the Deaf are Educated," 8:30 P.M., Thursday Feb. 2nd.

Harrisburg—St. Paul's S. S. Room, at 4 P.M., Friday, Feb. 3d.

York—4 P.M. Sunday, Feb. 5th.

☞ The following dates are given as *probable*, arrangements not having been completed in all cases:

Wilmington, Del., 7:30 P.M., Friday, Feb. 10th.

Lambertville, N. J., Tuesday, Feb. 14th.

Allentown, Grace S. S. Room, at 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, Feb. 15th.

Scranton, Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th.

New York, St. Ann's, Sunday, 19th.

A Vindictive Song of Self-ostracization for Life!!

Editor, I beg you, on my knees,
To insert the following sober piece.
I have long had sad deliberation
And they please read my own resolution.
According to your one correspondent
(Even though I am a college student)
I misunderstand so wonderfully.
Therefore I misunderstand *thoroughly*
The deaf community of Michigan.
Do better without me doubtless they can.
So I have sent forth my resignation
To their *Alumni* Association,
And every one *shall* let me alone.
Nor not will I ever recognize none.
Respectfully,
Ed. L. VANDAMME.

KENDALL GREEN, Jan. 28, '82.

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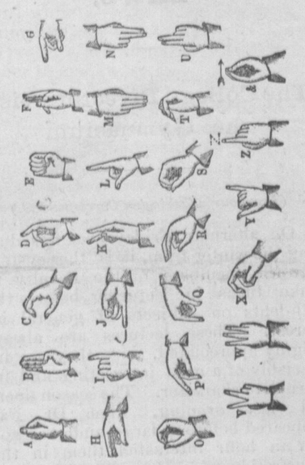
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